

## FREE PRESS

HARRY FREESE, Publisher.

SAT., - - - - - KANSAS.

One way to avoid cholera seems to be to avoid war.

The baseball fan b'iles and the farmer smiles—when it rains.

It is all right for charity to begin at home, but it should not end there.

Motto for the office boys—"If business interferes with baseball, quit the business."

An eastern scientist has discovered a substitute for tobacco. Possibly it is a five cent cigar.

London doctor says, "Lacking love, you ought to be drowned." In the sea of matrimony?

We feel safe in making the positive announcement that the frost is all out of the ground.

Any woman will tell you that it is an awful strain to have a husband who thinks he can cook.

The jury that appraised the value of a wife's love at 15 cents had in mind one particular wife.

An eastern artist describes a man's neck as a "thing of beauty." What about the "roughnecks"?

We should not overlook the fact that our dear friend, the iceman, should be included among the cubists.

We seem to notice that the girls with the prettiest faces wear their dresses cut highest in the neck.

Some men say they have a hobby for attending ball games. That's no hobby, for everybody's doing it.

There are 1,000 males to 900 females in the world. And still there are those who would tax the bachelors.

Government experts have ruled that shellac is food, but it will take a cultivated taste for nick-nacks to relish it.

With a new alphabet and a new constitution China exhibits a decided purpose to catch up with the rest of the world.

Pennsylvania professor in complimenting the poets, says they are not crazy. The proofs, professor, the proofs.

A legless porch climber has been arrested in New York. Now will some kind officer arrest an armless pick-pocket?

Nothing will awaken a man quicker than to hear the baby's cry at night, which accounts for his rapidly in waking wife.

The report that extravagance in woman's dress has ceased to be fashionable does not seem to be borne out by the facts.

The person who pays as he goes, perhaps does not get as far as some others, but it probably is the best thing for him.

A Nebraska man goes to the hospital for his sixteenth surgical operation. Here's hoping he beats the best the doctors can do.

Speaking of figures, 1,000 men sat down to a banquet on the twenty-seventh floor of the fifty-seven-story Woolworth building.

Now it has been discovered that laughing gas may be self-administered. There are lots of grouches who may profit by the discovery.

With tuberculosis serum, cancer serum and others—being developed these days, why not produce a serum for the cure of joyriding?

It is not strange that the street railway owner who was hit by a street car fender, should say that he was very much taken up with it.

Our daily pleasure—sitting in a moving picture show and hearing some frightened person near us telling what the next scene will bring forth.

"Hay-foot, straw-foot" heard in the army will have to go by the board now that "starboard" and "port" have been given the kibosh in the navy.

A Columbia professor proposes that the school teachers of the country organize in an immense union. When they do, Young America will spend his evenings praying for a strike.

New York has been shaving off the fronts of costly buildings that projected too far into the street. The precedent is enough to spread alarm among careless property owners everywhere.

While adopting those dinky little hats the dear women cling obstinately to the old long range hatpins.

The reported discovery of an egg containing a half-carrot ruby smacks very strongly of an artful attempt to boom the languid summer market for eggs.

Two admirals met in the streets of Rome and engaged in a lively scuffle until separated. Their conduct was most unprofessional in starting a land fight.

Our daily pleasure—to stand in a crowd and being unable to get away in these days of green onions.

Agitation is renewed every now and then for a better word than "Hello" as a telephone salutation. That is a very elegant word as compared with some the telephone often provokes.

Evidently the Alaskans have arrived at the conclusion that it is not good for man to be alone. They have granted the ballot for women and given them exemption from jury duty.

## MURIEL'S HOLIDAY

It Was Enforced, but Brought Happiness Instead of Expected Sorrow.

By AUGUSTUS GOODRICH SHERWIN.

With a clang a great gate went shut, and a shrill whistle and the harsh boom of a bell told that the giant factory had begun the noisy grind of the business of the day. The inflexible rule of the plant was applied on the exact second—the worker who was not inside the walled grounds on the stroke of seven need not apply for admission until the next morning.

Half a dozen scurrying men and women had crossed the dividing line, grazed and all but knocked prostrate by the sliding barrier. A pretty, neatly appareled girl reached the gate to grasp its handle just as the lock shut. A young man, hurrying too, halted with a shrug of his shoulders, one-half dismayed, one-half resigned. These two were shut out. Others came straggling along in the distance, but turned about and retraced their way homeward, realizing the futility of seeking admittance.

While Sidney Harper, stock clerk, took the forced idleness of a day rather indifferently, in fact with rather a sense of enjoyable novelty, Muriel Hope, employed in the office of the big works, paled and her lips quivered. A sigh that was a sob but half suppressed left her lips. Her eyes filled with tears, and with a despondent step she started slowly from the spot.

Sidney Harper construed aright the girl's deep concern, and his sympathy was awakened. He was a man who had steeled himself against pity, but he could not help but be interested. He knew that low wages and ceaseless work held most of the employees of the works bound like slaves to a wheel. With many of them the loss of a day meant the loss of some other day's meals. Then a memory of a dark passage in his life that had made him a lonely, resentful being on the fair threshold of manhood, caused him to crowd back his interest in the girl. Once he had loved. It was all over.



These Two Were Shut Out.

now, but he had never forgotten the false beauty who had been a waitress to her vows.

"High-ho!" he communed with himself. "In four years of steady, persistent work at last a day off. I'm not sorry—I'll try and see if I am still human enough to be interested outside of the dull treadmill of hard labor."

He had noticed off and on for a year or more the fair young girl who answered to the name of Muriel Hope. Once he had adjusted a gas jet above her desk when she had some extra night work. Only a week since, too, he had brought a new chair to replace the crippled and uncomfortable one she occupied. After that he had always bowed to her when they met. Even that morning they had spoken, but very briefly in the urgency of getting through the gate in time.

His thought came irresistibly back to the girl as he saw her shift the lunch box she carried and move her handkerchief to her eyes, as if to wipe the tears away. He wondered what dreary life drama hers might be, what secret care and trouble might sear her tender girlish heart. And then—just as she was crossing a street he saw her step directly in the path of an on-rushing automobile. He made a spring. Just at the critical moment he seized and drew her out of the way of a dreadful peril, and led her back to the street curb half fainting with terror.

"Oh—how can I thank you!" she panted, and her hand rested unconsciously on his own as though she was glad that her rescuer was an acquaintance, if even a casual one.

"Had you not better let me help you into the drug store yonder, where you can rest till you recover your fright?" he asked solicitously.

"Oh, no, I am quite—quite myself now," insisted Muriel, although she was trembling still and her lips were unsteady.

He took her hand and drew it through his arm in a kindly brotherly way she could not resist.

"We will walk on slowly then," he said quietly. "I will see you safely as far as your home."

She started, drew back, and the tears gushed from her eyes.

"I dare not—that is, I cannot go home just now," she faltered. "It was of that I was thinking when I so carelessly crossed the street, and how I should pass the long day."

day's wagon counts. If I let mother know I had missed one, it would upset her for a week, with the added dread that it might lead to my losing work altogether. I must not go home until night, and I must keep the truth from mother."

A plain story, but infinitely pathetic, it made Sidney Harper think. Then in a half humorous, half serious tone he said:

"Miss Hope, this is our day of coincidences. We miss work together, you have a house, I own a lot. We are like dual children given a holiday and not knowing how to enjoy it. Won't you help me find a way?"

The clear frank eyes of the girl looking into his own saw there only manliness and respect. She entered into the spirit of the proposition smilingly.

"I am as unused to holidays as yourself," she admitted.

"Just forget your dear mother, and all your troubles, and the day's work, for a few hours, Miss Hope," advised Sidney. "Help me make it a pleasant, restful day for both of us."

Children of the heart, with nothing sweet in the city for them but the patient lives of the poor, it seemed as if the sunshiny, golden hours drifted into a veritable fairyland of enjoyment.

Never would Muriel forget the rare wonder and novelty of the pleasure park, where her courteous escort made her see everything worth seeing, where they had a delightful lunch in a water pagoda to the strains of sweet music, and then a long row on the dreamy lagoon.

Muriel with a bright laugh emptied out the tell-tale lunch she had brought from home, her beautiful eyes suffused as she spoke softly of "deceiving poor mother!" There was the lovely flush of excitement and joy in her cheeks as they neared her home.

Miss Hope, said Sidney, "you have given me the most delightful day of my life. You live here!" he exclaimed abruptly.

"Why, yes," responded Muriel, wondering at his startled manner. Sidney Harper smiled strangely.

"You own the house," he said, "and next to it is the lot I told you about. Another coincidence, is it not?"

Their eyes met and their souls thrilled, and in the mutual glance was the serene promise of a closer friendship.

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## CORN STALKS MADE CEILING

Weary Traveler Slept Soundly Amid Primitive Surroundings in "Hotel" in Mexico.

A tourist who was tramping over Mexico last year was "put up" for a night at a lazy, rickety little shack that was called a hotel. It was in the country, in the northern part of Nuevo Leon state.

At that hotel, the tourist said, "the old stage joke about stopping on the outside was no joke at all. Very much travel-worn, I arrived late in the afternoon. There were only two rooms in the 'posada,' meaning in Mexico 'the hotel'—a large dining room, and a much smaller side room, which was kitchen and everything else connected with the hostelry.

"I did not find out until after I had paid, a little matter that was demanded in advance with such a flourish of courtesy that I could not hesitate. I spent several perturbed moments, off and on, wondering where I was to sleep. However, there were three other 'guests,' Mexican, who did not appear to be worrying so I tried to be patient.

"Supper, an affair of lots of pepper, and little food, was served by the proprietor's wife. Shortly after night-fall the proprietor, with much bowing and gesturing and 'Senor Americano,' signified to me that he would take pleasure in assigning me to my room. I followed him—out of the hotel and into a small court behind the building.

"In a corn row, at a spot where the overlapping top blades were thick enough to form a canopy that was at least deepwork, my landlord halted and pointed to an old blanket which had been spread in the hollow between the rows, and bowing and Senorizing some more, commended me to the care of the saints and departed.

"That was my room. There was an old frayed mat for a pillow and a dilapidated blanket for covering.

"Did I call up the office and kick on the room?" I did not! The earth was dry and warm, and having been recently hoed, was not hard; and being dead tired I turned in at once and had a dandy sleep."

European Medical Men.

It is estimated that the total number of medical men in the whole of Europe at the present time amounts to about 100,000. With respect to their distribution as between various nations, England is said to have both the largest absolute number and also the largest proportion relatively to the population—namely, 38,000 altogether and 7.8 per 10,000 inhabitants. Bulgaria has the smallest number of practitioners—only 4.7 per 10,000 inhabitants. In Germany the total number of practitioners is 22,500, or 5.5 per 10,000 inhabitants; in France the total number is 19,800, giving 5.1 per 10,000 inhabitants; and in Italy the total number is 18,270, giving 5.6 per 10,000 inhabitants.—Lancet.

More Important.

Two village worthies were discussing a mooted point in grammar as to whether a hen "sits" or "sets" when she takes to her nest. "Seems to me it's a hear more important," interrupted a bystanding farmer, "whether she 'lays' or 'lies' when she cackles."

A Rare Convenience.

"How do you like this apartment house? Service good?"

## WHILE THERE WAS YET TIME

Mean Man Made His Suggestion and Departed in Some Haste From Meeting of Indignant Women.

With tense, eager faces, the great audience of women leaned forward in their seats, eagerly drinking in the noted speaker's every word.

"More man," she was saying, "is wont to belittle woman's ability to enter the fields already usurped by him. As a matter of fact, she is capable of filling any post of public or private office now held by man, and, if appointed to it, could even perform man's tasks with greater faithfulness and greater daring."

"Name it if you can, one post for which she cannot fit herself! Name one office to which she would not could not, give the greatest measure of capability, the highest degree of courage, the—"

A mere man, who had slipped unnoticed into a back seat, rose at this point, and the light of sudden inspiration gleamed in his eyes.

"Rat catcher!" he shouted. And then he fled.

## RASH SPREAD TO ARMS

759 Roach Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.—"At first I noticed small eruptions on my face. The trouble began as a rash. It looked like red pimples. In a few days they spread to my arms and back. They itched and burned so badly that I scratched them and of course the result was blood and matter. The eruptions festered, broke, opened and dried up, leaving the skin dry and scaly. I spent many sleepless nights, my back, arms and face burning and itching; sleep was purely and simply out of the question. The trouble also caused disfigurement. My clothing irritated the breaking out."

"By this time I had used several well-known remedies without success. The trouble continued. Then I began to use the sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Within seven or eight days I noticed gratifying results. I purchased a full-sized cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment and in about eighteen or twenty days my cure was complete." (Signed) Miss Katherine McCallister, Apr. 12, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston." Adv.

Unsympathetic.

The following story is one of John Drew's favorites.

A man lost his life in a great flood. He was dead, but in the spirit world he lived over and over again the appalling scenes and incidents through which he had just passed. It seemed to him that he must talk it over with some one.

He therefore approached an elderly man and told him the story of how he died, giving a vivid word picture and making a lurid tale. To his great surprise, the old man showed little interest; in fact, he appeared to be bored. At last, being rather annoyed at such indifference, he asked the reason.

"Didn't you know who I am?" asked the other.

"Why, no, I don't," was the answer. "I've only just arrived."

"Well," said the other, "I am Noah."

Electricity and Plant Life.

The theory has been advanced and backed up by experiments which are at least interesting, that pointed leaves standing up at the top of growing plants attract electricity from the atmosphere and that such electric forces aid materially in the growth of plants so equipped by nature. One investigator, R. E. Dimick of Alameda, Wis., reports that vegetables which were well cultivated have shown a smaller growth than the normal when they had pointed wires stuck up among them to act like lightning rods in drawing off the electricity which Mr. Dimick believes to be attracted by points and needful to plant life.

It only honest men took a hand in the political game it would be something like solitaire.

While engaged in loving your enemies, don't slight your friends.

HER "BEST FRIEND"

A Woman Thus Speaks of Postum.

We usually consider our best friends those who treat us best.

Some persons think coffee a real friend, but watch it carefully awhile and observe that it is one of the meanest of all enemies, for it stabs one while professing friendship.

Coffee contains a poisonous drug—caffeine—which injures the delicate nervous system and frequently sets up disease in one or more organs of the body, if its use is persisted in.

"I had heart palpitation and nervousness for four years and the doctor told me the trouble was caused by coffee. He advised me to leave it off, but I thought I could not," writes a Wis. lady.

"On the advice of a friend I tried Postum and it so satisfied me I did not care for coffee after a few days' trial of Postum."

"As weeks went by and I continued to use Postum my weight increased from 98 to 118 pounds, and the heart trouble left me. I have used it a year now and am stronger than I ever was. I can handle up stairs without any heart palpitation, and I am free from nervousness."

"My children are very fond of Postum and it agrees with them. My sister liked it when she drank it at my house; now she has Postum at home and has become very fond of it. You may use my name if you wish, as I am not ashamed of praising my best friend—Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum now comes in new concentrated form called Instant Postum. It is regular Postum, so processed at the factory that only the soluble portions are retained.

A spoonful of Instant Postum with hot water, and sugar and cream to taste, produce instantly a delicious beverage.

Write for the little book, "The Road to Wellville."

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

## ON AN ISLE OF BIRDS

Commodore Salisbury Tells of an Expedition to Laysan.

Retired Naval Officer With Party of Scientists Spent Eighty Days Gathering Data on a Mid-Pacific Island.

Kansas City, Mo.—Straight from the exploration of an uninhabited isle in the Pacific ocean, Commodore George R. Salisbury of the United States navy, retired, has arrived at the home of his brother, Mark Salisbury, two and one-half miles northeast of Independence. The contrast is great between life in this old mansion hidden among gigantic pines in a quiet Jackson county farm and life on the island of Laysan, where no man lives, and where myriads of water fowl darken the air or hide in the low-lying sandy slopes, barely rising above the ocean level.

Commodore Salisbury was busy writing out a report of his voyage to the government, but not too busy to tell a representative of the Kansas City Star of some of the strange sights on the island.

He was in charge of an expedition sent out by the department of agriculture, which has charge of the bird reservation of United States territory. With him were three naturalists. The party left San Francisco December 5, 1912, in the United States revenue cutter Thetis. Their destination was the island of Laysan, eight hundred miles northwest of Honolulu.

Laysan is peculiarly rich in bird life. Eighty days were spent there. They returned to Honolulu March 22, and a few days later took passage on the United States transport Sherman for San Francisco. They reached that city April 11. There specimens taken on the voyage were shipped to Washington. After a few days spent in the coast city, Commodore Salisbury started back to Independence, arriving there last Sunday.

A map of the island of Laysan made during their stay shows it to be of peculiar formation. It is about two and one-half miles long and one mile wide. In the center, occupying about one



Bird Island of Laysan.

hundred and sixty acres is a lagoon. This gives the island the appearance of an elongated doughnut. At no place does the island rise more than twenty-five feet above ocean level.

The place swarms with birds. "I learned more about birds on this trip than I had ever dreamed of before," Commodore Salisbury said yesterday afternoon. "We brought home with us 175 rare specimens. These will be mounted and placed in the government museums."

"We found two varieties that are found nowhere else. One is the Laysan rail. It is about the size of a quail and has small wings, but they do it little good, for it cannot fly. We started home with eighty living specimens of the rail, but the return trip was so cold that all except five died. The survivors were left at the Golden Gate park in San Francisco. The other bird peculiar to the island is the Laysan tern, a fowl smaller than the mallard duck, but resembling it in general appearance. Incidentally, we found a pair of mallard ducks that had come over from the mainland of California, thousands of miles away."

## LAST RELICS OF THE MAINE

Six Thousand Pounds of Brass and Bronze Fittings Stripped From Vessel Cast in Tablets.

New York.—Six thousand pounds of relics from the U. S. S. Maine, which were taken from the battleship before she was towed out to sea from Havana and given her final resting place, have arrived at the John Williams bronze foundry, to be cast into a fitting and permanent memorial.

This disposition of the brass and bronze fittings of the battleship which for twelve years had lain beneath the sea in accordance with an act of congress.

The parts of the wreck that were thought to be suitable for the purpose were first sent to Washington, where they were melted together, purified and cast into thirty-pound ingots. It is in this form that all that is left of the Maine has just arrived in New York.

One thousand tablets, designed by Charles Keck of this city, are being cast by the Williams foundry, and will be delivered upon request to patriotic societies all over the country. Two hundred applications have already been received at the office of the assistant secretary of the navy.

The tablets will have a natural bronze finish; they will weigh twelve and half pounds and measure 13 by 18 inches.

Nabs Burglars With Pencil.

New Haven, Conn.—Henry Wedland and Alexander Drummond were captured by R. L. Davidson of Dayton, Ohio, a Yale senior, at the point of a silver pencil, while they were ransacking his room in Vanderbilt hall on the Yale campus. They thought the pencil was a pistol. Wedland had a loaded revolver at the time.

## BALKAN WAR BEGAN IN 1663

Conflict of Races Started Long Ago, Seems Destined Now to Be Fought to a Finish.

An Italian newspaper reminds us usefully that the Balkan war began centuries ago. In the state archives at Vienna is the declaration of war sent by Sultan Mehmet IV. to Emperor Leopold in 1682. "Be it known to you, the heir of the Caesars, the king of Poland, and to your allies and omnipotent emperor of the east and west. I am on the point of invading your paltry territories. We shall bring 1,200,000 soldiers, on horse and foot, to crush you utterly and lay waste all your domains. We command you to await our coming in our residence in Vienna, where it is our intention to have you beheaded."

But the war was even then an old story. The delightful writer who contributes "The Office Window" to the London Daily Chronicle tells us that while searching through some of the earliest newspapers printed his eye was continually diverted to news letters from the continent giving accounts of the unholy war which Turkey was waging on Hungary and Austria. Almost at random he copies the following from the Neues of September 17, 1635, a grim reminder that the Turk has remained unchanged and unchangeable for these 250 years at least:

"Vienna, Sept. 6.—In Austria every Fifth Man is to bear Arms; and they hope to raise 20,000 Men upon that Levy to secure the Frontiers. At this instant comes fresh intelligence of 10,000 Turks, and as many Tartars, passing the Waegh, and that they carry all before them with Fire and Sword."

And again: "We hear that upon the third instant the Enemy has beaten our Fort by the River Waegh, and Possessed himself of the narrow Passages between the Hills, where he has burnt divers Town and Villages, and Massacred many Thousands of People, striking off the heads of some, putting others in Chains . . . and cutting to pieces Young and Old without Distinction or Mercy."

JUDGE CURED, HEART TROUBLE.

I took about 6 boxes of Dodds Kidney Pills for Heart Trouble from which I had suffered for 5 years. I had dizzy spells, my eyes puffed, my breath was short and I had chills and back-ache. I took the pills about a year ago and have had no return of the palpitations. Am now 83 years old, able to do lots of manual labor, am well and hearty and weigh about 200 pounds. I feel very grateful that I found Dodds Kidney Pills and you may publish this letter if you wish. I am serving my third term as Probate Judge of Gray Co. Yours truly, PHILIP MILLER, Cimarron, Kan.

Correspond with Judge Miller about this wonderful remedy.

Dodds Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodds Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Household Hints, also music of National Anthem (English and German words) and recipes for dainty dishes. All 3 sent free. Adv.

Generous Reformer.

Miss Augusta De Peyster is a charming young lady of Knickerbocker descent who does noble missionary work among New York's floating sailor population.

Miss De Peyster's work is unique in that she believes in helping the sailor, no matter how prodigal or dissipated or nonconforming he may be. She also believes in a very generous, very liberal type of charity.

Often her views are expressed in epigram, as:

"Don't scold a reprobate, for men are like eggs—left in hot water they harden."

Or again:

"As long as virtue is its own reward, it is apt to be spasmodic."

Only Make Believe.

A visitor at the home of a famous author was greeted by a little daughter of the latter. Engaging the little girl in conversation, the visitor observed:

"Aren't you proud to think your papa is famous?"

"The little girl nodded.

"He writes stories, doesn't he?" Lowering her voice, the child replied:

"They're not real stories; he just makes them up himself."

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of J. C. Fitch.